But, ah! it is not every one
The pleasure that may win,
Of kissing my dear baby—
My pretty one, my darling one—
Just underneath his chin!

For it would never do, you know,
That practice to begin,
Of letting everybody come
And have the bliss my babe to kiss

For who, I pray, would stay away
If kinder I had beed,
And given to all people leave
To take a kiss so sweet as this—
This underneath his chin? What? so many little children

Wanting to come in
And kiss my precious treasure—
My beauty bright, my heart's delight—
Here underneath his chin?

Well, if you are clean and wholesome,
And dressed neat as a pin,
With no speck of dirt upon you,
You may come near ank kiss him here,
Right underneath his chin. Though, if unkind or selfish
Or ill-tempered you have been.
Oh, then I could not have you come
So close as this, and then to kiss
Dear baby under his chin!

Now comes papa with whistle and clap:
He thinks with all that din
That he will get—yes, take just one—
Two! three! Oh, fiel Wh; those cost high!
Those underneath his chin.

Sure I must laugh! Papa declares

He is so near akin,
That he owns half that kissing place—
That sweetest place, that cuddliest place—
Under my baby's chin!
—Mrs. A. M. Diaz in Youth's Companion

## PEEP.

(By Florence M. Adkinson.) Granny Scroggins was dead, het nobody cared, nobody missed the old, shrivelled, lame woman who begged and picked up rags to keep body and soul together, except poor desolate Peep. Peep was nobody's child, but Granny cared for her. Perhaps Granny knew where she was to:n, what was her age and real name, but she never told. She called her Peep and loved her, and that was all that any one in the great, swarming tenement house knew. A few days before, Granny had come home wet, and weary, and crawled to her gamet, and lain down to die. A few days of fiver in which she talked and mounted of other days. bright and happy days long, long ago, and the dim eyes closed forever and the old, feeble body grew stiff and cold. Mrs Fe garty came in and straightened the form and tried to comfort Peep, and then two men came and put Granny into a long box and carried her away.

This was Peep's first knowledge of Mrs. Fogarty told her that 'Ganay would never see, or walk or spake any more and that the men would bury her in the

"What for they do that?" asked poor Peep.
"Cause she's dead."

It was a sorrowful puzzle to little l'eep, and she watched the men and the wagon which carried Granny away until they were out of sight, and then she sat coon on the curb-stone and hiding her head in her dirty, faded dress, rocked back and forth and cried most piteously. Granny was gone and she would never see her any

By and by she graw quie: and began to wonder what would become of her now, that Granny was gone. Mrs. Fogarty had said that morning that "she would hape her awhile if she'd tend the baby rate good while she went out washing." But Peep did not want to be "kaped." Mrs. Fogarty was as kind as she knew how to be, but the Fogarty baby was a great lusty fellow who kicked and screamed and pulled nair whenever matters did not suit him, which was about three fourths of the time; and the Fogarty boys were rough, tussing fellows, who played tricks and made laces and called names, and tormented Peep nearly to death; and the Fogarty man had a habit of coming home runk, and raging, and driving the family out with a poker. No, she would run off rather than stay with the Fogartys. But where could she run?-and her tears started afresh. Poor bit of a baby to have to go out in the world to find shelter and something to eat!

Then she ti o ght of what Betsy Mason had told her one day at the hydrant pump. Betsy was a big girl—that is, big to Peep—and had been to the Mission Sabbath-

"It's jes' a splendid place," said Betsy, pausing with her bucket half full, 'an' they sing the loveliest songs; I haint learnt'em yit, but they's somethin' 'bout shinin' shore, an' Happpy Day, an' 'ere's jes' lots an' lots of children-poor folks, too. An' I've got the bestest teacher, not a bit stuck up, an' she's so sweet an' allers brings me somethin' -a posy, or a little picter, or an apple -an' yisterday, she told us 'bout Heaven Does yer know where Heaven is? I don't neither; it's way, way oft somers, an' it's a bootiful place an' it shines like gold an' nobody ever gets sick or hungry, or cold 'ere. It's allers summer 'ere, I guess, an' every-body has a lovely white dress to wear, an' it never gits dirty or ragged. An' God is 'ere. You know God is a great, big, good man, high as the sky, I 'spect, an' he makes everybody so happy 'ere that they sing an' sing all the time. God made the world an' everybody; he made me and you out of dust-ain't that funny?-an'the teacher says he takes care of everybody, but I 'spect he's clean forgot where he put us folks 'bout here, an' he can't find us, else he wouldn't let us git so cold an' hungry."

As Peep thought it over, she wondered why she could not go to that beautiful place, Heaven. Likely God didn't know that Granny was dead, and social dissolution. It is not the amount of that little Peep was left alone. She'd go knowledge which is a private and public. and tell him about it and then he'd take care of her, She could walk to Heaven, if it was way, way off, and she could ask pro-ple the way. So she trudged down the street, intent on leaving dirt and misery behind and of finding Heaven and happiness. After going a few squares, everything was strange, for granny had never allowed her to go far from home, but she went bravely and heart require to be purified and exon. The streets gradually became cleaner and wider, the air purer and the sunshine brighter. After while she reached the business part of the city, where shining silks bonnets, lovely dolls and wonderful toys Not were displayed in the windows. It was a new world to Peep, and she journeyed slow ly, trying to see everything and yet to keep out of the way of the hurrying, jostling dows! Peep had never dreamed of the like.

Where could she be? She stood before a jeweler's window, there was shining like gold surely, she knew what gold was, for "Merry Moll" the wild laughing girl on crowd. Oh, the beautiful, beautiful wingold surely, she knew what gold was, for "Merry Moll," the wild, laughing girl on the second floor, wore earrings and brooch, yellow as the sun, that she called "geld."
"Is this Heaven?" asked Peep timidly of

a rich!y dressed lady, who paused to glance at the diamonds. "No, indeed," she answered bitterly and wonderingly, "This is a long way from

Peep hurried on. She wanted to get there before dark. The streets became less crowded, the gay windows less numerous, and dwelling houses with bits of green yard sued music more sweet than the old organ- knowledge stand to "the nobler modes of ing with serious accidents. Then I got angry, grinder who slept in the basement ever life, with sweeter manners, purer laws," in and though Mrs. Hayes, of Marysville, wh

made, and a clear, sweet voice was singing | the relation of cause to effect? We think Surely, thought Peep, this must be Heaven.
So she went through he gate, up the steps, into the open hall, and, guided by the music, she found a door ajar. She pushed it open and stood amazed! The floor seemed mose thou and roses, and the walls pearl and gold, and there were the loveliest pictures, blossoms and singing birds. A beautiful lady dressed in white sat at the piano, but Peep did not know it was a piano. Her fingers almost flew over the keys, and Peep watched them with eager eyes, wondering where the mu-sic came from. The lady looked up and sic came from. The lady looked up and stopped, startled as she saw the odd, forlorn little figure standing by the door, with her faded and ragged dress and shoes, weary, tear-stained face, and her tangled hair.

"What do you want, little one?" asked the lady. Her sweet, low voice and winning manner encouraged Peep, and she ventured nearer, asking in awe-struck tones:

"Is God here?"

"Is God here?" "Certainly."
"An' this is Heaven?" she questioned confidentially coming nearer.
"No, this is not Heaven," replied the

lady, wonderingly.
"Let me see God, won't you?" pleaded Peep, "I want him to take care of me."
"What is your name?" "Peep."

"Peep, what?"
'Nothin' but Peep." "Where do you live?"

'Haven't any place to live now, 'less God gives me one. I did live with Granny, way off from here, where it's dark away in a box."

"Why did you come here?" "Cause I want to find God an' Heaven, an' when I heard the singin' an' saw the flowers I thought this must be the place. I dess I'll go on," she added wearily, "Cause I dess Go i's forgot 'bout me, an' please won't you show me the way to Heaven?" The lady's eyes filled with tears, Years before, a little one had gone from her arms to God and Heaven. "I guess God wants you to stay with me awhile," she cried impulsively, gathering the tired little creature close to her heart.

That night as Peep, no longer hungry, dirty, ragged and homeless, drfted off to slumber land, she murmured "I dess God didn't forgit, after all."

Culture and Morals.

| By Professor Charles Dod, LL. D | In a recent number of this journal there sppeared an extract from a speech of John Bright's to the following effect: Some years ago I met a German gentle-

man in Birmingham himself, I believe,

from the Kingdom of Saxony, and the question of education was being discu-sed. He told me that fifty years previous—that charge of ordinary see al duties is frequently would be now perhaps sixty years age-intemperance was so common in that country that if there was a man anywhere very drunk they said, "Why, he is as drunk as a Saxon;" but, the gentleman acded, now you might use the very opposite expression, and if you wanted to desc ibe a man who was to be relied upon for his sobriety you would say, "Why, he is as sober as a Sax brought about; have you had any been changes in your laws with reference to the sale of intoxicating liquor? He replied that so far as he knew there was no such legal change of any importance-none that struck his mind-out, he added, that he held that the change had been made entirely by the schools. He said that they had had an admirable system of education established, and the result had been such a change in the character of the growing generation-so much self-respect, so much knowledge of what was due to themselves and those around them, s much sense of what would contribute to their own comfort and happiness-that the practice and the vice of intoxication have been almost banished from

This may be taken as a practical answer to the position assumed by many so-called "friends of education" that mere cultivation of the intellect, apart from moral training, is not conducive to virtue, and that, since religion is the firmest support of a moral charac-ter—some say the only inspirer of truly virtuous conduct—our public schools should combine religious instruction (of a non-sectarian nature, of course), with the secular knowledge imparted to their pupils. Now, it is true that education, in

broadest sense, embraces all those agencies which are calculated to produce a healthy. harmonious development of the entire manhood or womanhood embryonic in the child -physical, intellectual and moral; and the true teacher, in his ambition to have bright scholars, will not forgot the fysical wants of the growing child, nor will he neglect any opportunity of fostering right habits, instilling correct principles and developing noble sentiments. And yet we maintain that it is proper for the seculae teacher to regard intellectual advancement as his chief objective point. And this not merely because the home circle and the Sundayschool or the more appropriate sferes of moral training—if parental influences an-tagonizes the teacher his labors in the moral direction will be almost fruitless-but because intellectual culture, in the true sense of the word (which implies a great deal more than the simple acquistion of knowledge), does, in itself, dignify the aims, enlarge the reason, quicken the activities and sweeten the tone of our whole moral being. In the subjoined extract from an essay on "The Chief Aim of Education," published not long ago in one of our educational monthlies, there is just enough of truth to

It is a mistake to suppose that the enlargement and dissemination of knowledge, the mere culture of the intellect and the multiplication of the treasures of learning will afford any protection against vice, crime, disorder, anarchy, wretchedness and knowledge which is a private and public blessing, but its character and its use. It is not what he knows that elevates a man, but the improvement of his nature by the discipline which he has undergone in its acquisition. It is not what he knows, but what he is, that makes the good citizen, the good neighbor, the good friend, the good husband, father and master. The intellect panded even more than they need to be enriched. All the erudition in the world will not make a man either good or useful, but he may be both with "small Latin and less

Not one of the above propositions, taken seperately, is at variance with the truth. Yet the impression intended to be produced by the paragraph upon the reader's mind is not such as can be sustained by valid arguods of purifying and expanding it? (Of course no real enrichment results from knowledge simply crammed into the intel-lectual stomach and left there undigested and unassimilated by the mental powers). Why is it that the morals of civilization are better to-day than at any previous period? That the world has advanced, not only in knowledge, but in virtue as well, no student of history will deny. A purer

code of social morals, a clearer conception of the rights of man and the claims of uniand dwelling houses with bits of green yard appeared. Peep kept on until she came to appeared. Peep kept on until she came to helpful sympathy with all forms of distress a house more beautiful than all the rest. "the larger heart, the kindlier hand," a has been the disruption of families. I stood It was of silver-gray stone, richly carved marked diminution of the rancor of reli- it as long as I could. I bore with it uncomand ornamented, with bay windows and gious and national hatreds—these, next to balconies, and set in the midst of evergreens, the wonderful achievements of nineblooming shrubs and vines. There were | teenth-century science, are the most promiplaying fountains and singing birds and nent features of the age in which we live, beds of flowers—hyacinths, tulips, violets and purple pansies; and from the house is-

The root of all vice is selfishness, Now, ignorance, embracing within the circle of its ignorance, embracing within the circle of its sympathies but few opinions and forms of thought, is essentially narrow-minded, bigoted, selfish, intolerant, cruel. The highest moral law ever promulgated for the government of our intercourse with our neighbors commands us to love them as ourselves. But this we can not do unless we can enter, with an appreciative sympathy, into their thoughts and feelings. Hence whatever enlerges the range of a man's thoughts widens larges the range of a man's thoughts widens the scope of his sympathies and makes him a more actively virtuous man.

A mere theoretical acquaintance with the principles of ethics and the truths of religion will not "purify and expand the heart" any more than will a knowledge of the facts of astronomy or geology—hardly as much.
The application of moral principles to the conduct of real life depends upon the clearness with which the intellect perceives the good or evil consequences to our neighbors that may result from our actions, and upon the vigor of the sympathies through which conscience is awakened to apply her decisions to the practical problems of social duty. Hence the training of the intellect reacts beneficially upon the moral nature-except with those individuals whose studies have izes that been too much specialized and self-centred to permit of their sympathizing with intel-lectual pursuits differing from their own.

We have here hinted at a danger which in the modern demand for specialists in every department of prof-ssional research and dirty. 'Spect I couldn't find it now, but scientific investigation and mechanical in-Granny's dead and some men carried her genuity, may result in an isolation of individual sympathies apparently contradicting the assertion that knowledge conduces to benevoleuce and virtue. It is not knowledge, but breadth of knowledge, that enlarges moral sympathies. If the Italian in-quisitors had added to their theological learning some slight tineture of the scientific spirit, they would never have imprisoned

> The specialist, while recognizing that distinction in modern times can be gained only by knowing the details of some one subject more thoroughly than anybody else does should recognize with equal clearness the moral obligation of maintaining an in-terest in every human interest. Hence such, et nil humani a me alienum pute. This is really an intellectual obligation as well; for so interconnected are all subjects of human thought that he who would have a complete and comprehenersive grasp chany one of them must follow, to a greater or less distance, many path- of study that have only an indirect relation to his main line of

The fact that there have been learned men who were not ax mplary in the dis explainable in accordance with the view here stated. When culture is so excludy and partial as to read to a want of sympathy with all classes of mankind and an inability to estimate aright the depth their trials, the purity of their motives and the dignity of their aims, it is not surprising that the cultivated egotist (Gothe, for example,) comes to think that the humble on." I said, tell me how this bas great plodders along the common highway of life have no claims upon him and no rights which he is bound to respec-

There is one form of partial culture which is particularly apt to encourage self-indu! gence and sybaritism. The imagination is one of the noblest and most useful of human taculties; and those persons in whom it remains undeveloped can hardly be said to have attained the full stature of moral manhood Its office is to clothe the nakedness of abstract truth with living and lovely forms; to lift men out of the mire of materialism; to stouse and quicken their sensibilities, and to enable them to realize by spiritual vision the facts of an unseen world. And yet, naturally domiciled as it is in the region where ablee faith, hope and charity, when it is cul ivated with exclusive assiduity by those who deal with it professionally-poets, novelists, dramatists, actors, musicians, artists-its tendency is to become degraded into the mere servant of intellectual or emotional pleasure, and to effect in its devoters a softening of the moral fibre which readily yields to temptation and prompts them to pursue sensuous allurements with the same zest with which they have sought the higher enjoyments of the æsthetic disposition. Hence the fact that poets and other imaginative workers have sometimes been dissipated or dissolute does not warrant the conclusion that there is not in the general culture of the intellect a force that warms and vivifies the moral

The intellect of this utilitarian age and country rather needs development in the direction of a high and noble imaginative culture, and cannot do better at present than adopt the motto of this journal: We should do our utmost to encourage the beautiful, for the useful encourages itself. Yet we should remember that all one-sided culture is injurious; and the experience of ancient art-loving Greece and of mediæval art loving Italy should show us, in the corruption which finally ran festering in poisonous streams through all classes of their society, that excessive devotion to the beautiful as an end in itself is not less sure to work moral death than is the most sordid materialism of the most abject slavery to earth-born ideas of utility.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," not only intellectually but morally. The remedy, however, is not total abstin-ence from the inspiring waters of "the Pierian spring," but deep draughts from many fountains. We believe that most of the instances of abnormal depravity met with occasionally among the highly-educated are due as much to one-sidedness of intellectual culture as to any defectiveness of early moral training. At any rate the rare exceptions-such as Lord Bacon, who certainly was no man of partial culture, for he "had taken all learning as his province" drawn from the comparison of less enlightened ages with our own,

Interview With the Man Who Led His Wife Out of the Grand Opera House by Her

[Cincinnati Commercial.] There has been considerable commotion raised in this city during the past two weeks, on account of the publication in the Commercial of an incident which happened at the Grand Opera House, where an exasperated husband led his wife out by the ear. In fact we might say that it caused a sensation throughout this part of the country, for it has been the subject of a great deal of newspaper comment, and opinions of every

shade have been freely expressed.

The reporter of the Commercial who happened to witness the "scene" hunted up the gentleman and had a little chat with him in reference to the matter.

He was inquired of whether he had read the comments in the papers regarding his action, and he said he had, that he had been much amused by them and had started a scrap book, and hoped the discussion would

He was then asked whether he regretted what he did, when he said: "No, I do not! It has had good effect, not only in my own household but in a good many others. It has forever put a stop to my wife attending matinees, and has called public attention to a terrible evil. My wife is not the only woman in Cincinnati who has neglected her children and her household affairs to visit matinees once or twice every week, but there are hundreds of them, and it is time that husbands and father plainingly for years, and only when I saw the habit was fastened upon my wife, did I ask her to desist; and when I found that argument and entreaty did not avail I threatened to lead her out by her ear. I did



within: its manifestations without. Hence, to cure the disease the cause must be removed. and in no other way can a cure ever be effected. WARNER'S SAFE KID-NEY AND LIVER CURE is established on just this principle. It real-

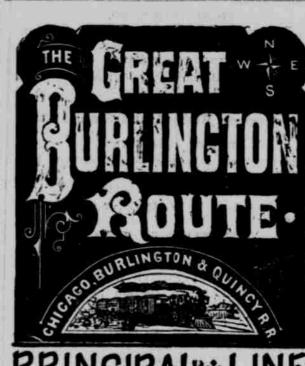
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of all diseases arise from deranged kidneys and liver, and it strikes at once at the root of the lifficulty. The elements of which it is composed act directly upon the great organs, both as a food and restorer, and, by placing them in healthy condition, drive disease and pain

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and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box. se Sold by all Druggists, " SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

United Brothers of Friendship. Sumner Lodge No. 11, regular communi-cation every first and third Monday of each month. Hall north-east corner of Meridian aud Washington streets. All members requested to be present, also members of other lodges of the same faith are invited. H. W. Jackson, Worthy Master. W. S. Lock financial Secretary.

is doubtless a very sweet woman, may not believe it, I then, for the first time in my life, used harsh language to my wife. In fact, I used cuss words like the devil; and where is there a man who would not have done the same under the same provocation?

A Wisconsin girl-baby having been born with six arms, the Elmira Gazette and Free Press fervently hopes that in due season one young woman will be able to do up her back hair in less than three hours.

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Gentlemen:-I have bought of you several of your side-bar buggies. They are the best vehicles for the money, ever saw. I have subjected them to the severest tests in my livery, and they wear better than any other work I have ever had. Yours truly, F. D. PARK.

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your Brewster work for two years, during which time we have been convinced they are the best buggies on the road, and for neatness, durability and general appearance, they cannot be surpassed. Yours truly, H. WEEKS & KIMBLE,

Carriage Manufacturers. Laytonsville, Maryland.

Gentlemen:-Have been selling you buggies and phætons the last two years and as yet there is the first complaint to be made. I think them the best to be made. I think them the best buggies for the money in the market. They give good satisfaction to both dealer and customer. Yours.

R. A. McCormick. Cadiz, Ohio.

Gentlemen-I have been using and selling your manufacture of buggies for two years past with great satisfaction to both my customers and myself. Those to whom I sold, without exception. speak in the most exalted terms of your work. I could furnish you testimonials from each party to whom I have sold your work. For myself, I think they are the best buggies manufactured for the trade. Wherever I go, I find those who have a knowledge or your buggies all speak of them in the most flattering terms.

Yours respectfully. JOHN W. CHRISMAN. Delta, Ohio.

Gentlemen:-You made two 3-quarter seated open buggies for us last summer. We are very much pleased with them. They are the best value for their ost we have ever seen.

Yours truly, DANIEL WOOD, FRANCIS A. FOSTER Boston, Mass.

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Rheumatism, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, Poisonous Bites and Stings, Stiffness, Lameness, Old Sores, Ulcers, Frostbites, Chilblains, Sore Nipples, Caked Breast, and indeed every form of external disase. It heals without scars.

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From COL. L. T. FOSTER. Youngstown, Ohio, May 10th, 1880.

Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—I had a very valuable Hambletonian colt which I prized very highly, he had a large bone spavin on one joint and a small one on the other which made him very lame. I had him under the charge of two veterinams. charge of two veterinary surgeons which failed to cure him. I was one day reading the advertisement of Kendall's Spayin Cure in the Chicago Express, I determined at once to tri it, and got our Druggist here to send for it thought I would give it a thorough trial, day the colt ceased to be lame, and the lump have disappeared. I used but one bottle and the colt's limbs are as free from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the state. He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles, who are now using very Respectfully,
L. T. FOSTER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE Rochester, Ind., Nov. 30th, 1880.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—Please send us a supply of advertising matter for Kendall's Spavin Cure. It has a good sale here and it

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE Wilton, Minn., Jan. 11th, 1881. B. J. Kendall, & Co., Gents:—Having got a horse book of you by mail a year ago, the contents of which persuaded me to try Kendall's Spavin Cure on the hind leg of one of my spavin Cure on the find leg of one of my horses which was badly swollen and could not be reduced by any other remedy. I got two bottles of Kendall's Spavin Cure of Preston & Ludduth, Druggists of Waseca, which completely cured my horse, About five years ago I had a three year old colt sweenied very bad. I used your remedy as given in your book without rowelling and I must say to your credit that the colt is entirely cured, which is a surprise not only to myself, but also to my neighbors. You sent me the book for the trifling sum of 25 cents and if I could not get another like it I would not take twenty-five dollars for it.

Yours Truly,

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